

Demons

casstayinmyass

Demons by [casstayinmyass](#)

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Summary:

Your house is haunted. Pennywise fixes this for you.

Demons

Author's Note:

Based on a tumblr post by zaddywise!

If you thought dating a demonic clown would absolve you of your fear of the paranormal, you'd be wrong.

You swear to everyone up and down your house is haunted. Of course, only about ten percent of the people you tell believe you, but the disbelievers are also the ones you tell that your boyfriend is just a socially challenged guy you found on your trip to Sweden with an affinity for coulrophilia. Somehow, that's easier for them to wrap their heads around.

Currently, you've got said demonic clown over at your *unequivocally* haunted house. The wind whistles through the walls, the floorboards creak, the basement door bangs open and closed, and the attic light bulb flickers on and off by itself. Yep. Just another night at home sweet hell.

Penny is laying beside you. You've got your head on his chest, curled into him after a night that will most definitely get you noise complaints from the neighbours. The bedposts are never forgiving on your old walls, so you've pretty much got gashes back there, and the bed sheets lay beside you two as well, tattered with more holes than a punk rocker.

"I'll buy you new ones," Penny's saying, and you scoff, blowing damp hair out of your eye.

"You don't have any money."

"Maybe I can steal the lunch money from the next little kiddie I snatch," Penny suggests, smiling at the thought. You purse your lips.

"Great. I'll be sleeping on the misfortune of Derry's next missing child." You look around as the wind whistles particularly loudly through the attic above, and bite your lip.

"You seem... sad," he says, poking your cheek with a gloved finger, then shakes his head in frustration, sniffing. His sniffing gets louder, and delighted laughter bubbles up inside of him. "No no, not sad... *scared*. Do I still scare you little one, even after all this time?" He giggles some more, and you huff.

"Don't you wish."

You hear a creak on the stairs, and you startle a little. Pennywise starts to shift and roll his hips, and you turn to him. "Seriously?"

"I can smell it," he just about whines.

"You just made me come eight times, if you fuck me again, I'm going to break."

"Then I'll... put... you back.... together... again," he grins, giggling against your skin as his tongue sweeps down your neck. You can already feel his large hard on prodding against your thigh as he rolls over top of you again, and his eyes begin to drift away from one another as he loses himself in the sensations of touching your body. You can't deny it always feels good to have Penny's weight on you, and you always love the feel of his mouth on yours when he's in the mood, but...

You continue to worry your lip. "Penny, I know my fear smells good, but—" Another bump downstairs, and you jump, clutching his costume with both fists. Your jolt startles him too, and he accidentally bites down on your collarbone, causing you to cry out. He immediately retracts his teeth, licking the blood away. You can tell it makes him hungry, but he tries to control himself as he gazes down at you. At the sign of your vulnerability, his fired up yellow eyes fade to a caring, inquisitive baby blue.

"Tell me... tell Pennywise what scares you so bad." You give him a look. "I won't turn into it." He holds up a hand, wiggling his fingers. "Promise."

"I just... I'm thirsty."

"And that frightens you?" Penny asks, face all scrunched up. You

can't help but laugh at his confused expression.

"No, not that exactly. My house, is..."

"Is...?" Penny eggs you on, cocking his head, and you sigh.

"It's haunted! *Ghosts*, Pennywise, there are ghosts, or demons, or *something*! It's fucking terrifying, I'm scared to walk around here at night."

"Why are you scared of demons?" he asked innocently, "I'm a demon."

"Yes, but you're different, okay?" you mutter, burying your head under his arm. "I'm too scared to go get myself a drink."

Pennywise spends a long time looking at you, then decidedly retracts his long, spindly arm from your use of it as a headrest.

"Hey—"

"I'll be right back," he assures, and takes a long step out of bed, shaking his limbs out and cracking his knuckles. (Did he have knuckles, or was he just doing that for effect? you wonder).

He opens the door, and you watch your tall boyfriend walk out, crossing his arms. You smile a little to yourself, imagining him going to his demon friends and giving them a stern talking to, or telling them politely that this was not the house for them to be haunting. You wait.

And wait.

"Penny?" you call, and concern begins to eat you up. What if your house was haunted by like... bigger demons? Demons worse than Pennywise?!

"Pennywise!" you call his name, clutching the fabric that was once sheets to your shivering body. Suddenly, you duck under the covers and hide yourself as the loudest, most earth-shattering noise comes from downstairs. It's a mix of an otherworldly scream, an explosion, and a roar. You uncover your ears, shaking in fear, then hear

footsteps. “Fuck...” you whisper.

What if it’s not him? What if he just got dest–

Suddenly, you hear the familiar bells tinkling, and you shoot up, pushing the sheets aside. “You’re okay!” you shout, and bound up to him, jumping into his arms. He catches you with ease, holding you to him like a rag doll, and presses a big wet, sloppy kiss to your cheek.

“You were right. Your home was very haunted. But you won’t be getting aaaany more trouble from them.”

“W-what did you do?” you ask, shivering even harder now as you realize you’re half naked and don’t have a working radiator. Penny takes you back to bed, tucking you in before getting in beside you.

“I tried to reason with them, and tell them who I was. It’s a good thing you told me about this when you did, (y/n)... they wanted to take you as a host.”

“Shit,” you whisper.

“So,” he claps his hands and giggles, “I told them in their language that if they didn’t leave immediately, they would be wiped from the face of oblivion.”

“That’s what... *that* was?” you ask incredulously. The clown nods excitedly.

“Musical, wasn’t it?! It would be the equivalent in your language of every single curse word and insult you’ve ever conceived being screamed at full volume at once.”

You close your eyes, trying to picture this. “Wow. You take protective boyfriend to a whole new level.”

“I would do anything to protect you,” he says, and gets dead serious, beginning to drool. “If anything happened to my human, I’d murder the entire town.” You knew he wasn’t joking. “Mmmm yes, (y/n)... the only one who gets to spill your blood is *me*.” He breathes the last word, mouthing along your neck, and you smile.

Now that the demons are gone... maybe it's time for round nine.